

The most lamentable Tragedie

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tamora. Giue me the peynard, you shall know my boies,
Your mothers hand shall right your mothers wrong.

Demet. Stay Madam, heere is more belongs to her,
First thrash the corne, then after burne the straw:

This minion stood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie,
And with that painted hope, braues your mightines,
And shall she carry this vnto her graue.

Chiron. And if she doe, I would I were an Euenuke,
Drag hence her husband to some secrete hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tamora. But when ye haue the honny we desire,
Let not this waspe out-lie vs both to sting.

Chiron. I warrant you madam, we will make that sure:
Come mistris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice preferred honestie of yours.

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, thou bearest a womans face.

Tamora. I will not heare her speake, away with her.

Lavinia. Sweet Lords intreate her heare me but a word.

Demet. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hart to them
As vnrelenting Flint to drops of raine.

Lavinia. When did the Tigers young ones teach the dam.
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suckst from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny,
Yet euery mother breeds not sonnes alike,
Doe thou intreate her shew a woman pittie.

Chiron. What wouldst thou haue me prooue my selfe a

Lavinia. Tis true the Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion moued with pittie did indure
To haue his princely pawes parde all away:

Some

of Titus Andronicus

Some say that *Rauens* foster for
The whilst their owne birds fast
Oh be to me though thy hard
Nothing so kind but something

Tamora. I know not what it

Lavinia. Oh let me teach thee
That gaue thee life when well
Be not obdurate, open thy dea

Tamora. Hadst thou in pen
Euen for his sake am I pittiless
Remember boyes I powrd for
To saue your brother from the
But fierce *Andronicus* would
Therefore away with her, and
The worse to her the better lo

Lavinia. Oh *Tamora*, be cal
And with thine owne hands ki
For tis not life that I haue beg
Poore I was slaine when *Basci*

Tamora. What begst thou

Lavinia. Tis present death
That womanhood denies my
Oh keepe me from their wor
And tumble me into some lo
Where neuer mans eye may be
Doe this and be a charitable m

Tamora. So should I rob m
No let them satisfie their lust

Demetrius. Away for thou

Lavinia. No grace, no wom
The blot and enemy to our ge
Confusion fall.

Chiron. Nay then ile stopp
This is the hole where *Aron* b

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